

# They Have Come.

And Ovosso Is Grateful—What Mr. N. S. Roseboom Has to Say.

A brilliant record in Ovosso has been made in a short time by the "little enemies to backache." At his place of residence, No. 114 S. Cedar Street, our representative found Mr. N. S. Roseboom, an old and favorably known citizen of Ovosso. For years he has suffered with kidney disorders that have baffled the best physicians, and it remained for Doan's Kidney Pills, the little conquerors of kidney troubles, to give him the only relief he has ever experienced. We will let him tell about it in his own words. He said:

"This trouble from my kidneys has been a source of great suffering to me for over nine years. I had retention of the urine, which was accompanied with sharp, shooting pains in my back and hips and extending down into my limbs. I would have such a sensation of pressure in my head—a most miserable feeling. I could not get any rest at night with that burning feeling of numbness in my back; it seemed to go right through me. The quantity of urine passed was very scanty, stopping almost entirely at times. I was most wretched and did not seem to be able to obtain any relief, although I was almost constantly taking treatment. Some months ago, I read about Doan's Kidney Pills and determined to try them, so I went to the drug store of Johnson & Henderson, where I procured a box. Their use helped me and I continued taking them, and up to the present time have taken three boxes. I wish to say this about Doan's Kidney Pills—they have done more for me than anything else I have ever taken during all the years of my trouble. They started the flow of urine, causing it to come freely and naturally, the pressure in my head is gone and the burning pain in my back relieved. I feel very grateful for this deliverance. My case is evidence conclusive that Doan's Kidney Pills is a wonderful kidney medicine, acting directly and quickly on those organs."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers—price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no other.

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# THE GREAT K. AND A. TRAIN ROBBERY.

By PAUL LEICESTER FORD.

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## CHAPTER IX.

A TALK BEFORE BREAKFAST.

Looking at my watch I found it was a little after 8, which meant 6 in Washington. Allowing for transmission, a telegram would reach there in time to be on hand with the opening of the departments. I therefore wired at once to the following effect:

Postmaster General, Washington: A peremptory mandamus has been issued by territorial judge to compel me to deliver to addressee the three registered letters which by your directions, issued Oct. 16, I was to hold pending arrival of Special Agent Jackson. Service of writ will be made at 3:45 today unless prevented. Telegraph me instructions how to act.

That done, I had a good tub, took a brisk walk down the track and felt so freshened up as to be none the worse for my sleepless night. I returned to the station a little after 6, and, to my surprise, found Miss Cullen walking up and down the platform.

"You are up early!" we both said together.

"Yes," she sighed. "I couldn't sleep last night."

"You're not unwell, I hope?"

"No—except mentally."

I looked a question, and she went on, "I have some worries, and then last night I saw you were all keeping some bad news from me, and so I couldn't sleep."

"Then we did wrong to make a mystery of it, Miss Cullen," I said, "for it really isn't anything to trouble about. Mr. Camp is simply taking legal steps to try to force me to deliver those letters to him."

"And can he succeed?"

"No."

"How will you stop him?"

"I don't know yet just what we shall do, but if worse comes to worst I will allow myself to be committed for contempt of court."

"What would they do with you?"

"Give me free board for a time."

"Not send you to prison?"

"Yes."

"Oh," she cried, "that mustn't be! You must not make such a sacrifice for us."

"I'd do more than that for you," I said. And I couldn't help putting a little emphasis on the last word, though I knew I had no right to do it.

She understood me and blushed rosily, even while she protested, "It is too much."

"There's really no likelihood," I interrupted, "of my being able to assume a martyr's crown, Miss Cullen, so don't begin to pity me till I'm behind the bars."

"But I can't bear to think—"

"Don't," I interrupted again, rejoicing all the time at her evident anxiety and blessing my stars for the luck they had brought me. "Why, Miss Cullen," I went on, "I've become so interested in your success and the licking of those fellows that I really think I'd stand about anything rather than that they should win. Yesterday, when Mr. Camp threatened to— Then I stopped, as it suddenly occurred to me that it was best not to tell Midge that I might lose my position, for it would look like a kind of bid for her favor, and, besides, would only add to her worries."

"Threatened what?" asked Miss Cullen.

"Threatened to lose his temper," I answered.

"You know that wasn't what you were going to say," Midge said reproachfully.

"No, it wasn't," I laughed.

"Then what was it?"

"Nothing worth speaking about."

"But I want to know what he threatened."

"Really, Miss Cullen"—I began, but she interrupted me by saying anxiously: "He can't hurt papa, can he?"

I felt myself getting red, while I exclaimed, "Why, Miss Cullen, I don't think I'm a bit worse than"—

"Oh," she cried, interrupting me, "I didn't mean that way. I meant that when you try to fib you always do it so badly that one sees right through you. Now, acknowledge that you wouldn't stop work if you could."

"Well, no, I wouldn't," I owned up. "The truth is, Miss Cullen, that I'd like to be rich because—well, hang it, I don't care if I do say it—because I'm in love."

Midge laughed at my confusion and said, "With money?"

"No," I said; "with just the nicest, sweetest, prettiest girl in the world."

Midge took a look at me out of the corner of her eye and remarked, "It must be breakfast time."

Considering that it was about 6:30, I wanted to ask who was telling a taradiddle now, but I resisted the temptation and said:

"No, and I promise not to bother you about my private affairs any more."

Midge laughed again merrily, saying: "You are the most obvious man I ever met. Now why did you say that?"

"I thought you were making breakfast an excuse," I said, "because you didn't like the subject."

"Yes, I was," said Midge frankly.

"Tell me about the girl you are engaged to."

I was so taken aback that I stopped in my walk and merely looked at her.

"For instance," she asked coolly, when she saw that I was speechless "what does she look like?"

"Like, like"—I stammered, still embarrassed by this bold carrying of the war into my own camp—"like an angel."

"Oh," said Midge eagerly, "I've always wanted to know what angels were like! Describe her to me."

"Well," I said, getting my second wind, so to speak, "she has the bluest eyes I've ever seen. Why, Miss Cullen, you said you'd never seen anything so blue as the sky yesterday, but even the atmosphere of 'rainless Arizona' has to take a back seat when her eyes are round. And they are just like the atmosphere out here. You can look into them for 100 miles, but you can't get to the bottom."

"The Arizona sky is wonderful," said Midge. "How do the scientists account for it?"

I wasn't going to have my description of Miss Cullen side tracked, for since she had given me the chance I wanted her to know just what I thought of her. I didn't follow lead on the Arizona skies, but went on:

"And I really think her hair is just as beautiful as her eyes. It's light brown, very curly and—"

"Her complexion!" exclaimed Midge. "Is she a mulatto, and, if so, how can a complexion be curly?"

"Her complexion," I said, not a bit rattled, "is another great beauty of hers. She has one of those skins—"

"Furs are out of fashion at present," she interjected, laughing wickedly.

"Now, look here, Miss Cullen!" I cried indignantly. "I'm not going to let even you make fun of her."

"I can't help it," she laughed, "when you look so serious and intense."

"It's something I feel intense about, Miss Cullen," I said, not a little pained. I confess, at the way she was joking. I don't mind a bit being laughed at, but Miss Cullen knew about as well as I whom I was talking about, and it seemed to me she was laughing at my love for her. Under this impression I went on: "I suppose it is funny to you. Probably so many men have been in love with you that it has come to mean very little in your eyes. But out here we don't make a joke of love, and when we care for a woman we care—well, it's not to be put in words, Miss Cullen."

"I really didn't mean to hurt your feelings, Mr. Gordon," said Midge gently, and quite serious now. "I ought not to have tried to tease you."

"There!" I said, my irritation entirely gone. "I had no right to lose my temper, and I'm sorry I spoke so unkindly. The truth is, Miss Cullen, the girl I care for is in love with another man, and so I'm bitter and ill natured in those days."

My companion stepped walking at the steps of 218 and said, "Has she told you so?"

"No," I answered. "But it's as plain as she's pretty."

Midge ran up the steps and opened the door of the car. As she turned to close it she looked down at me with the oddest of expressions and said: "How dreadfully ugly she must be!"

## CHAPTER X.

WAITING FOR HELP.

If ever a fellow was bewildered by a single speech, it was Richard Gordon. I walked up and down that platform till I was called to breakfast, trying to decide what Miss Cullen had expressed, only to succeed in reading 50 different meanings in her parting six words.

I wanted to think that it was her way of suggesting that I deceived myself in thinking that there was anything be-

tween Lord Ralles and herself; but, though I wished to believe this, I had seen too much to the contrary to take stock in the idea. Yet I couldn't believe that Midge was a coquette. I became angry and hot with myself for even thinking it for a moment.

Puzzle as I did over the words, I managed to eat a good breakfast and then went into the Cullens' car and electrified the party by telling them of Camp's and Fred's dispatches and how I had come to overhear the former. Mr. Cullen and Albert couldn't say enough about my cleverness in what had really been pure luck and seemed to think I had sat up all night in order to hear that telegram. The person for whose opinion I cared the most, Miss Cullen, didn't say anything, but she gave me a look that set my heart beating like a trip hammer and made me put the most hopeful construction on that speech of hers. It seemed impossible that she didn't care for Lord Ralles and that she might care for me; but, after having had no hope whatsoever, the smallest crumb of a chance nearly lifted me off my feet.

We had a consultation over what was best to be done, but didn't reach any definite conclusion till the station agent brought me a telegram from the postmaster general. Breaking it open, I read aloud:

Do not allow service of writ and retain possession of letters according to prior instructions. At the request of this department the secretary of war has directed the commanding officer at Fort Whipple to furnish you with military protection, and you will call upon him at once, if in your judgment it is necessary. On no account surrender United States property to territorial authorities. Keep department notified.

"Oh, splendid!" cried Midge, clapping her hands.

"Mr. Camp will find that other people can give surprise parties as well as himself," I said cheerfully.

"You'll telegraph at once?" asked Mr. Cullen.

"Instantly," I said, rising, and added, "Don't you want to see what I say, Miss Cullen?"

"Of course I do!" she cried, eagerly jumping up.

Lord Ralles scowled as he said: "Yes, let's see what Mr. Superintendent has to say."

"You needn't trouble yourself," I said. But he followed us into the station. I was disgusted, but at the same

time it seemed to me that he had come because he was jealous, and that wasn't an unpleasant thought. Whatever his motive he was a third party in the writing of that telegram and had to stand by while Miss Cullen and I discussed and drafted it. I didn't try to make it any too brief, not merely asking for a guard and when I might expect it, but giving as well a pretty full history of the case, which was hardly necessary.

"You'll bankrupt yourself," laughed Midge. "You must let us pay."

"I'll let you pay, Miss Cullen, if you want," I said. "How much is it, Welphly?" I asked, shoving the blanks in to the operator.

"Nothin' for a lady," said Welphly, grinning.

"There, Miss Cullen," I said. "Does the east come up to that in gallantry?"

"That will save my running and their chasing," I laughed, "though I'm afraid a long wait at Rock Butte won't improve their tempers."

The next few hours were pretty exciting to all of us, as can well be imagined. Most of the time was spent, I have to confess, in maneuvers and struggles between Lord Ralles and myself as to which should monopolize Midge, without either of us succeeding. I was so engrossed with the contest that I forgot all about the passage of time, and only when the sheriff strolled up to the station did I realize that the climax was at hand. As a joke I introduced him to the Cullens, and we all stood chatting till far out on the hill to the south I saw a cloud of dust and quietly called Miss Cullen's attention to it. She and I went to 97 for my fieldglasses, and the moment Midge looked through them she cried:

"How much is it, Welphly?" I asked.

"Do you really mean that there is no charge?" demanded Midge incredulously, with her purse in her hand.

"That's the size of it," said the operator.

"I'm not going to believe that," cried Midge. "I know you are only deceiving me, and I really want to pay."

I laughed and said, "Sometimes railroad superintendents can send messages free, Miss Cullen."

"How silly of me!" exclaimed Midge. Then she said: "How nice it is to be a railroad superintendent, Mr. Gordon! I should like to be one myself."

That speech really lifted me off my feet, but while I was thinking what response to make I came down to earth with a bounce.

"Since the telegram's done," said Lord Ralles to Miss Cullen in a cool, almost commanding tone, "suppose we take a walk."

"I don't think I care to this morning," answered Midge.

"I think you had better," said his lordship, with such a manner that I felt inclined to knock him down.

To my surprise Midge seemed to hesitate and finally said, "I'll walk up and down the platform if you wish."

Lord Ralles nodded, and they went out, leaving me in a state of mingled amazement and rage at the way he had cut me out. Try as I would I wasn't able to hit upon any theory that supplied a solution to the conduct of either Lord Ralles or Miss Cullen, unless they were engaged and Miss Cullen displeased him by her behavior to me. But Midge seemed such an honest, frank girl that I'd have believed anything sooner than that she was only playing with me.

If I was perplexed, I wasn't going to give Lord Ralles the right of way, and as soon as I had made certain that the telegram was safely started I joined the walkers. I don't think any of us enjoyed the hour that followed, but I didn't care how miserable I was myself so long as I was certain that I was backing Lord Ralles, and his grumpiness showed very clearly that my presence did that. As for Midge, I couldn't think her out. I had always thought I under-

# To Every Family.

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stood women a little, but her conduct was beyond understanding.

Apparently Miss Cullen didn't altogether relish her position, for presently she said she was going to the car. "I'm sure you and Lord Ralles will be company enough for each other," she said, giving me a flash of her eyes which showed them full of suppressed merriment, even while her face was grave.

In spite of her prediction, the moment she was gone Lord Ralles and I pulled apart about as quickly as a yard engine can split a couple of cars.

I moped around for an hour, too unsettled mentally to do anything but smoke and only waiting for an invitation or for some excuse to go into 218. About 11 o'clock I obtained the latter in another telegram and went into the car at once.

Telegram received—I read triumphantly—A detail of two companies of the Twelfth cavalry, under the command of Captain Singer, is ordered to Ash Forks and will start within an hour, arriving at 5 o'clock.

C. D. Olinstead, Adjutant.  
"That won't do, Gordon," cried Mr. Cullen. "The mandamus will be here before that."

"Oh, don't say there is something more wrong!" sighed Midge.

"Won't it be safer to run while there is still time?" asked Albert anxiously.

"I was born lazy about running away," I said.

"Oh, but please, just for once," Midge begged. "We know already how brave you are."

I thought for a moment, not so much objecting, in truth, to the running away as to the running away from Midge.

"I'd do it for you," I said, looking at Miss Cullen so that she understood this time what I meant without using any emphasis, "but I don't see any need of making myself uncomfortable when I can make the other side so. Come along and see if my method isn't quite as good."

We went to the station, and I told the operator to call Rock Butte. Then I dictated:

Direct conductor of Phenix No. 3 on its arrival at Rock Butte to hold it there till further orders.

RICHARD GORDON, Superintendent.

"That will save my running and their chasing," I laughed, "though I'm afraid a long wait at Rock Butte won't improve their tempers."

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"Not the slightest," I assured her. "The train won't be here for two hours, and the cavalry had only five miles to cover 40 minutes ago. I must say they seem to be taking their time."

"There they are now!" cried Albert. Listening, we heard the clatter of horses' feet going at a good pace, and we all rose and went to the windows to see the arrival. Our feelings can be judged when across the tracks came only a mob of 30 or 40 cowboys, riding in their usual "show off" style.

"The deuce!" I couldn't help exclaiming in my surprise. "Are you sure you saw a flag, Miss Cullen?"

"Why—I thought"—she faltered, "I saw something red, and—I supposed, of course!"

"Not waiting to let her finish, I exclaimed, "There's been a fluke somewhere, I'm afraid, but we are still in good shape, for the train can't possibly be here under an hour. I'll get my fieldglasses and have another look before I decide what!"

My speech was interrupted by the entrance of the sheriff and Mr. Camp.

[CONTINUED.]

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